I vow by heauens these eies shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of that fearfull king,
And that the regall chaire; Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine, and not king *Henries* heires.
York. Assist me then sweet *VVarwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norff. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle *Norffolke*. Staie by me my Lords:
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
VVar. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
VVar. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde:
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be king,
And bashfull *Henrie* be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yor. Then leaue me not my Lords, for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest bird that holds vp *Lancaster*,
Dares stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Resolue thee *Richard*: Claime the English crowne.

Enter King Henrie the sixt, with the Duke of Exceter, The Earle of Northumberland, The Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford, the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of *Warwicke* that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy Father:
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourne in steele.
West. What? shall we suffer this? lets pull him downe,
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

King.

King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he,
He durst not sit there, had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: heere in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cousen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quickly flie.
King. Farre be it from the thoughtes of *Henries* heart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy Soueraigne.
Yor. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee D. of *Yorke*.
Yor. T'was mine inheritance as the kingdom is.
Exet. Thy father was a traitour to the crowne.
War. *Exeter* thou art a traitour to the crowne,
In following this vsurping *Henrie*.
Clif. Whom should he followe but his naturall King?
VVar. True *Clif.* and that is *Richard* duke of Yorke.
King. And shall I stand while thou sitst in my throne?
Yor. Content thy selfe, it must, and shall be so.
VVar. Be duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.
VVest. Why? he is both King and D. of *Lancaster*,
And that the Earle of *VVestmerland* shall maintaine.
VVar. And *VVarwicke* shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spred
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallace gates.
Nor. No *VVarwicke* I remember it to my greife,
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,